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THE

DREAM.

TO

Sr. Charles Duncomb.

By *R. GOLD*,

A Schoolmaſter in a Village of *North-Wiltſhire*.

In praiſe of Sr Charles.

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The Dream.

ON my hard Fate as late I pondering lay,
Spent and bow'd down beneath the Toils of Day,
By weary Nature to repoſe conſtrain'd
I ſlept at laſt, and thus in Sleep complain'd.
Ah Wretch! to this unhappy Clime confin'd.
Loſt to my Frinds, and cut from human kind;
A Clime where gentle Zephyrs never blow,
VVhere frozen Gods keep Court in Ice and Snow.
The rigid VVinters here come early on,
With *Auguſt* brought, and ſcarce with *April* gone.
In other places Nature looks but bare,
Some marks of Spring continue all the Year;
But every Winter ſtript her naked here.

The Miry Glebe impriſons Man and Beaſt,
And there muſt come a Drowth to be releas'd.
No Converſe does the tedious Hours beguile,
But Love and Friendſhip fly this barbarous Soil.

None here for ought but *Mammon* will repair,
And Life has no ceſſation from its Care.
Even Honeſty it ſelf is baniſh'd hence,
And Ignorance ſets up for Innocence.
The Natives are ſuch Brutes, ſo homely bred,
They're of a piece with that on which they tread;
Strangers to Virtue, to all liberal Arts;
Their Oxen and their Swine have all their Hearts,
Creatures of equal Intellectual Parts.
Among each other endleſs Fewds they ſow,
And Malice lays Manure to make 'em grow.
In Courts and Senates let them ſtrive and jar,
Wrangle in Cities, clamour at the Bar.
But this is ſtrange ev'n in this abject Life,
Where Matter fails, to find an equal Strife.
No mutual Truſt between 'em e'er preſides;
And Knav'ry follows, when 'tis Intereſt guides.
Thus Slander, Strife, and Spight triumphant reign,
Among theſe Clumſy Blockheads of the Plain.

How vain are all the Tales the Antients told
Of a ſelf-teeming Glebe, and of an Age of Gold?
Of flowry Shades where Peace ſupinely reigns?
Of faultleſs Nymphs, and of the faithful Swains?
'Tis all Idea----but by Fancy wrought,
The idle Rovings of a wandring Thought.

E'en

E'en *Cowley*, who a Rural Life had long
Ador'd, and made it Deathleſs in his Song;
When to the Fields he for that Bleſſing came,
Found all their boaſted Innocence a Name;
And *Chertſea* ſtands (to contradict his Rhimes)
Blam'd in his Proſe to all ſucceeding times.

What Path can here derided Virtue take?
What Muſick can the ſighing Muſes make?
Without Converſe they loſe their Force and Fire,
And Reaſon back does to its Spring retire.
The long remove from Mirth, from Wit and Arts,
Sets us beneath our very natural Parts.
If we're nor riſing, we go down the Hill,
For Knowledg knows no mean of ſtanding ſtill.
The brightn'd Armour glitters to the Sun,
But only uſing keeps the Poliſh on.

Thus doom'd to Dulneſs, here I bury'd lye;
O low, obſcure, inglorious Deſtiny!
My Youth has vainly, idly took its flight,
Unknown to Profit, Learning, and Delight.
Depriv'd of all that can improve or pleaſe,
I live in Deſerts, yet depriv'd of Eaſe:
Whilſt envious Fortune here my Head employs
In barren Labour, and eternal Noiſe.

Depriv'd of *London*, then too little priz'd,
Before I knew the Bleſſing I deſpis'd.
For Towns, like Tallys, Man for Man does fit,
And Wit does keeneſt whet it ſelf on Wit.
Oh Noble City! but too late I mourn
My Fortune, baniſh'd never to return.
I would not have it thought, my Wiſh intends
Great Matters----No, free from ambitious Ends:
Only a Human Fate my Hope invites,
And Innocence, in which my Soul delights.
None better cou'd than I contented live,
With little, or from little, more would give.
But here I live not, in this Brutal Den
Baniſh'd from Town, from Manners, and from Men.

'Twas here methought a Glorious Form appear'd,
Yet Awful, as a Goddeſs long rever'd.
Her Monumental Tower the Skies out-brav'd,
And on her Front was fair *AUGUSTA* grav'd.
And why, ſaid ſhe, doſt thou thus ſighing lye?
Why all deſpondence, yet relief ſo nigh?
He that does ſet ſo many Captives free,
He will, he muſt, he ſhall deliver Thee.

So bright a Form, Words of ſuch pleaſing ſound,
Oppreſs with Pleaſure, and with Joy confound.

The Glorious Shape perceiv'd my deep Amaze,
I would have ſpoke, but I could only gaze.

Know'ſt thou not Me? what Country is there found,
What Nation where my Name is not renown'd?
Let Vulgar Names, ſaid ſhe, reſign to Fate,
I can already boaſt of more than Mortal Date:
This Privilege the *Britiſh* Glory gives,
I'm only then to dye, when nothing lives.
Quite from the riſing to the ſetting Sun,
As vaſt a round as his, my Fame has run.
Let it be either Traffick, Peace or War,
What City ſends her Naval Tow'rs ſo far?
Who o'er the Ocean ſo triumphant rides?
What Shores are water'd with ſuch wealthy Tides?
Beneath my Feet my *Thames* for ever flows,
And for my Profit never takes repoſe.
But ſhifting Tides to Sea, from Sea to Land,
Do our own Stores, and all the World's command:
While on her Billows to my Hand ſhe brings
The Nobleſt, Richeſt, and Remoteſt things.
Tho round my Walls you ſcarce perceive a Vine,
Yet half the Vintage of the Year is mine,
And every *Lombard* Shop an *Indian* Mine.
What other Town do's there ſo nobly ſtand
For Soil, for Health, for Pleaſure and Command?

What

What City do's beſide, ſo Lordly riſe?
And ſit ſo near a Neighbour to the Skies?
Who leſs fears War? and when a War do's ceaſe,
Who Richlier does adorn the Arts of Peace?
What Sholes of People pour thro' every Street!
In paſſing on, what Miriads muſt you meet!
How gay, how richly clad, where e'er you come!
What gallant Youths, and Beauties in their Bloom!
Not brighter ſhines by night the Milky Way,
Than in my Streets the Charming Sex by Day.
Who ſooner can than I ſuch Sums produce,
For ſelf-Magnificence, or Publick Uſe?
Who can her Hand, for Wealth, extend ſo far,
And with ſuch ready *Loans* defray a War?
Loans that to *Lewis* gave ſuch loud Alarms,
He lik'd the Sound, worſe than the Clank of Arms.
He ſaw in War the *Nerves* of War increaſe,
He ſaw, advis'd, and ſtraight conſents to Peace.
But herein moſt I pride; this Wealth, theſe Powers,
No *Mercenary* Troops defend, no Towers
Riſe up in my Defence, my Safety's found
Within my ſelf; no Ditches here ſurround
My Walls; my *Thames* flows freely in her Bed,
To no forc'd Channels like a Captive led.
FREEDOM in all, in every part appears,
Choice gives the Sway in all ſucceeding Years.

Amongſt our ſelves we raiſe the Good, the Wiſe,
Virtue and Labour make the Choſen riſe.
Kings of ſome Empires want our Wealth, our Power;
A *Duncomb* lends a Million in an Hour.
Our Wealth the *Spaniſh Indies* does uphold,
And from our Iron Mines we ſend them Gold.
Yet Kings receive but what the People give;
They make him Rich, and yet in plenty live.
They name the Sum, and we foreſtal the Day;
Others leſs quick to take, than We to pay.
AUGUSTA this great Bleſſing gives, that ſhe
Makes all her Sons not only Rich, but Free.

Thou know'ſt me now, believe what I impart,
I've nam'd the Man ſhall raiſe thy drooping Heart.
Stay then no longer thus lamenting here,
But hope a milder Heav'n, and kinder Air,
The riſing of thy better Stars are near.
Once were thy Shades e'en with his Preſence bleſt,
When Thee, e'en Thee, he ſingl'd from the reſt;
And kindly ſmiling on thy Rural Lays,
Crown'd them at once both with Reward and Praiſe.
'Tis He I mean, who does our Captives free
From more than an *Egyptian* Slavery:
'Tis He, that ſhall at laſt provide for Thee.
'Tis He that everlaſting Honour gains
By Nobly ſtriking off my Debtors Chains.

Husbands He to their Wives again does give;
He heard their Dying Cries, and bids 'em live.
So Mighty *Paul*, and *Silas*, when they were
Impriſon'd, pray'd, and found the Angel there:
The Shackles broke, the Doors all open flew;
But *Duncomb*'s Angel ſtoops not to ſo few.
At every Priſon, at every Jayl does call,
And, like an Act of Grace, he manumits them all.

'Twas here ſhe paus'd, ſmiling with ſuch a Grace,
No Furrow ſeen, no Wrinkle in her Face.
The Awful Dread, which firſt my Senſes ſtrook,
Diſſolv'd to Pleaſure by her Charming Look.
Let Cheating Prieſts uſe little Arts to fright,
But why ſhould Poets their falſe Fictions write?
Clad in a *Stygian* Veſt, with ſcatter'd Locks,
The Raving Prieſteſs Heav'nly Power invokes.
Black Fumes ariſe, and from the trembling Ground,
Sad Murmurs, breaking thro' the Temple, ſound:
And Flames from the unkindled Altars riſe,
As rais'd by Magick Songs, with horrid Cries.
Such the Contrivances by Prieſts of old,
When Pious Stories to the Crowd they told.
Thus Hell and Horror to the Gods they join,
And make them Terrible, to be Divine.
Poets no more let Verſe and Truth diſpute,
Nor Human Crimes to Deities impute.

Let

Let Tyrants chooſe to govern Men by Fear,
The Gods are gentle, but Mankind ſevere.

Not ſo *AUGUSTA*:
For She, the Glorious Genius of our Iſle,
Softn'd her Godhead with a Human Smile.
I found the Heav'nly Viſion gave Conſent;
So poor a *Bard* might give his Paſſion vent.

Encourag'd thus, I gently rais'd my Voice:
Say, Goddeſs, how our *Sh'riff* became the Choice
Of crowding Throngs, who echoing his Name,
Did him their *Darling* Magiſtrate proclaim.
Say, Goddeſs, how does he become your Theme,
That Name ſo lately injur'd in Extreme?
An Envious Race I know his Ruin ſought,
Declare then how the mighty Change was wrought.
Th' Effect muſt ſpring from ſome Stupendous Cauſe,
Where Fair *AUGUSTA* gives ſuch vaſt Applauſe.

As Stormy Nights and dark Eclipſes may
Set greater Value on ſucceeding Day:
So Malice raging without Rule or Form,
Exalted him, and rais'd him by the Storm.
Eaſie, and Rich, in Innocence ſecure,
He would not bend with little Arts, procure

Succeſs

Succeſs to Projects hatch'd againſt the State,
Nor help th' Exchequer Cheat, but met his Fate,
Braving the Faction, and their utmoſt Hate.
Unſeaſonable Virtue out of time,
Was *Duncomb's* Fault, and that his only Crime.
He knowing well the narrow ſelf-Deſign,
Shunning baſe Profit, did his Place reſign.
But this the bold Projectors could not bear,
He muſt be guilty, that themſelves may ſhare,
With double Joy, the Vengeance and the Prize,
Two thirds their Avarice could ſcarce ſuffice.
Thro' thick and thin the Furious Leaders drive,
Set raging out, and like a Storm arrive.
Theſe ruin'd, fall, and others proſtrate yield,
And wide Deſtruction covers all the Field.
Orphans lament, the deſolate Widow weeps,
Thouſands undone, and yet the Nation ſleeps.

Here human Malice might it ſelf diſplay,
And many dark Deſigns expoſe to Day.
Here painted to the Life, the haughty Crew
Might in true Colours be expos'd to View.
But I forbear, nor ſhall their Rage inſpire
A Heav'nly Breaſt with like ill-natur'd Fire.
Let this ſuffice, expect the happy Day,
When all the Birds of Night and thoſe of Prey
Shall to the Deſerts fly, to make the Virtuous way.

It is enough I disappoint their Aim,
Secure the Guiltless in their Wealth and Fame,
And fix in Honour *Duncomb's* injur'd Name.
Such is the Temper of an *English* Soul,
It yields to Softness, but abhors Controul.
The frighted World all arm'd in his Defence,
Who either had good Nature or good Sense.
Tir'd with their Spite, and all their Hopes o'erpast
To ruin him, they left the Chase at last,
But sullenly, just as the *Bear* withdraws,
The Lamb redeem'd, that fill'd his griping Paws.
By the known Laws he did himself acquit,
Rescu'd by Heav'n from Malice, and from Wit,
From Bribes, and Power, from the devouring Jaw
Of high Oppression, to take place as Law.
The City sensible, what Men conspire
Against his Innocence, they soon took Fire;
Touch'd with his Sufferings, knowing his Desert,
All with one Voice, Unanimous in Heart,
My Sons advance him to the *Shrieval* Name,
Where now he honours That, and gives the Nation Fame.

Our Royal Master by this time was come,
As late with Lawrel, crown'd with Olive Home.
Never of all our Martial Kings, from Heav'n
To *Britain* has there yet a Prince been given,

Who ſooner did in Camps arrive at Fame,
Or paſt more Dangers to a Deathleſs Name.
Nor did the ſhining Chaſe of Glory ceaſe,
Till he had crown'd his Martial Toils with Peace.
The Hero's Heat drives no cool Thought away,
His People long for Peace, without Delay
He glorioufly procures the wiſh'd for Day.
Plenty and Safety, with their Brooding Wings
Extended wide, produce all uſeful things;
In Peace the Plowman reaps, in Peace the Poet ſings:
To happy *England* had not Fate decreed,
That from that Glorious *Pair* none ſhould ſucceed,
So much th' expecting World ſeem'd to require,
From *Mary*'s Virtue, and from *Naſſau*'s Fire.
Nature, deficient to ſo great a Task,
Would nothing give, when we too much did ask.
We were ungrateful for the preſent Store,
Worthleſs of what we had, yet craving more.
Thoſe who from Tyranny redeem the Land,
In Fame's large Temple ſhall for ever ſtand.
Greater than they, whoſe Conqueſt Trophies rear,
Such the *Camilli*, ſuch the *Decii* were:
Whoſe Names in Story are more Sacred far
Than theirs, who happy in Invaſive War,
Brought *Weſtern* Gold, and *Eaſtern* Spices home;
Theſe were admir'd, but thoſe belov'd in *Rome*.

This

This Glorious King returning to our Iſle,
Receiv'd th' intended *Martyr* with a Smile;
Pleas'd to beſtow on injur'd Innocence
Favours, which leave to Malice no Pretence.
Whom the King honours, and the People chuſe,
To ſuch a one who can Applauſe refuſe,
Fit for the Praiſes of the chaſteſt Muſe?
Let then his unjuſt Sufferings be repaid
By Praiſes due; for ſince my Walls were laid,
Never a Subject more befriended Trade.
Who in his Office ever rais'd ſo high
AUGUSTA's Name for Hoſpitality?
What Table thro' the Nation does afford
So vaſt a Plenty as his Shrieval Board?
Who for all ſorts ſo fitly does prepare?
The Great, the Poor, are equally his Care;
And Wit and Virtue ſtill are welcome there.
Mean while the ſparkling Wines around him move,
Th' Inſpiring *Nectar* which the Muſes love.
Who e'er the City's Intereſt ſtudied more,
Or better Laws propos'd to feed the Poor?
Nor does he, ſplitting on the Common Shelf,
Propoſe to others, what he ſhuns himſelf.
To give by Driblets (which is chiefly done)
Is but to keep the Needy ſtarving on.

He lays out his Relief at nobler Rates,
His Dole's a Market, and his Gifts, Eſtates.

I here had anſwer'd, but the Dame withdrew,
And with her Sleep retir'd, and left me too;
But left th' Impreſſion deep upon my Mind
Of *Duncomb* honour'd, and *Auguſta* kind.

Forgive me, Sir, if thus oppreſt with Spleen,
I treat you with this Viſionary Scene:
Nor let the Muſes loſe me your Eſteem,
Since they petition only but in Dream:
In Dreams they live, and chiefly Dreams regard,
But moſt they err, when dreaming of Reward.
But tho my Sleep diſſents, I waking near
Upon that Subject, ſhall offend your Ear.
Theſe Melancholy Vapours bred at ſight
Of Winter, with the Spring will take their flight,
When op'ning Sweets, and univerſal Green,
Produce a Gay Inimitable Scene:
Tho now with Rains, and blighting Blaſts we ſtrive,
That Glorious Seaſon will again revive:
The Tuneful Choir thro' every Field and Grove,
Will then renew their Muſick, and their Love.
With them th' Exulting Muſe her Voice ſhall raiſe;
And waking then, I'll ſing my Patron's Praiſe.

FINIS.